The Lesson Of The Scarlet Letters

Is there someone who doesn't go window shopping for fresh, new hookups using that free local periodical newsletter at the independently owned convenient grocer and fuel purveyor that prints all the area's weekly arrest mugshots?

I am nearly half a century old and, to date, every woman I have had sex with at least once that I still recall with any residual fondness or breathtaking nostalgia did or would have appeared in front page, full color celebrity roles smirking out by the register.

I make memories with intention.

A lifetime dedicated to being more densely enmeshed with the essence of fantastical storytelling than its autobiographer will ever have time to record properly.

This consuming endeavor has been noted to be more readily achieved when accompanied by a partner.

As a professional prophet and by default answerer of often unasked questions, I can report this as a lesson most often pertinent:

Fear is unattractive, as are those attracted to the obvious timid and fearful as vultures sensing carrion from a point in the sky no human eye could discern.

Faces unrepentant smug-mugging under the cigarette money exchange only regret being caught. The hopeful looking for love can study the helpfully displayed photos, employing proprietary deductive methods to filter out those already performing the charlatan routine required to fill out the paperwork, pay the bribes, and continue along the highway built by those who profit off of the suffering of others. These are what the big fish in the pond feed upon. Minnows and bottom-feeding shrimp.

Stars whose undeniable gravity reach across vast interstellar spaces to pull in another of its kind, a type of joy-based suicide that, if the heavens are in favor, could result in a mutually immolating supernova are comic book vigilantes whose entire plan consists of busting out of whatever inept shackles and constraints foolishly are employed to contain what cannot and will not be stopped and silent. Masks have not been designed that can blur

this intentional broadcast from the visages of such examples of humankind's pinnacle.

Large swimming menaces behold their mighty shadows cast on their environment. For those taking advantage of these romantic connection services - rejoicing in their chosen fate of being here now in the twenty-first century - fear no rejection imagined and do what you need to do to get what you deserve.

Those who come after you will need your lessons remembered and preserved to guide them through the overwhelming mire of sucking sameness and blaring distractions that is their future.

The bruises and scratches were healing nicely. Vodka and citrus drink mix hadn't stopped smearing her taste buds for almost forty-eight hours and a defined craving for cigarettes and the fluidity of methamphetamine lightening her steps and swaying her back in time with the casual lofi track she was developing in her head promised to be on the verge of mildly irritating soon. Goddamn, the world bred idiots like endless targets in a video game. There wasn't anyone left she desired to speak to with a free phone call, so waiting in the concrete hallway to be handed unceremoniously her own clothes back provided an amusing gameshow quiz that was better with her own soundtrack. Everything was better with her own music blotting out the dullards and their asinine blather. Whoever had paid the bribe after a week couldn't be anyone whose name she knew, but here she stood, nonetheless, about to be shoved into the daylight blazing without sunglasses - a meal to be poached in a fiery brick oven. Oils and salt matted her tangled hair, left with outward disdain across her accusing eyes and semi-permanent snarl. Bathing in the stainless steel and limestone infected greyish water was not an option, not a decent one at least, as if any mutant involved in the erection of this series of cages or its day-to-day exploitation had ever possessed the slightest notion of what decency entailed. Repellent creatures whose figures were an unholy mockery of humankind, satisfied in continuous grasping for more useless trash items to throw away, admiring the polyester creases and weapons on their hips in every reflection searched for as they passed by. Worship of nothingness wrapped in bloodless hollow skin. Monsters known to ancients breeding fast and faster to outnumber the livestock, injecting anger in their asses in hopes of remembering what any emotions were. Failures in every imaginable iteration of the definition.

Wondering if her mystery benefactor would be waiting upon her exit from this cinderblock architecture so indistinguishable from the weekday prison meant to indoctrinate from childhood the rituals of the pathetic and doomed parasites, she

spits on the epoxied floor. Perhaps one of the ugly deficient that would soon hurl one final fruitless insult in her direction before kicking open the steel door would lose traction underneath one of their shining, squeaking shoes and instead provide a slapstick punchline for her bitter entertainment. Always a priority it was, making memories.

You say your pussy's clever and so slick

But I think your pussy's kind of sick

I want to bet your pussy ain't as pretty as mine

I don't hide my pussy like you do all the time

My pussy's just the sweetest thing that you've ever seen

Compared to mine your pussy's really ugly and mean

I wanna see your pussy, show it to me

Let me see your pussy, show it to me

Show me your pussy, show it to me

I want to pet your pussy, show it to me

- Lords of Acid

Pussy

Our Little Secret album